THE BIRTH OF *Manly Virtue,* FROM CALLIMACHUS.

Inter Callimachi ſat erit placuiſſe Libellos,
Et ceciniſſe modis, pure Poeta, tuis. Propert.
Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.
Virg. Æn. V.

DUBLIN:

Printed by and for GEORGE GRIERSON, at the *Two Bibles* in *Eſſex-Street.* M, DCC, XXV.

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43
7. 6.

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THE PREFACE.

'TIS to be hope'd the courteous Reader will not be diſpleas'd with any Remain of ſo fame'd an Author as *Callimachus*, even in a Tranſlation. His particular Turn was Panegyric, and 'tis evident *Propertius* believed he excell'd in it, when he wiſh'd to attain no higher Honour in Poetry than the Glory of imitating our Author's Manner with Succeſs: as appears from one of the Lemma's prefixt to this Tranſlation, which I ſhall

The PREFACE.

I ſhall beg leave to explain in the following Manner, for the Benefit of my fair Readers.

Great Bard, of matchleſs Art and Eaſe,
Polite Artificer of Praiſe,
My vaineſt Wiſh were but to ſhine
In courtly Lays reſembling thine.

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Birth of *Manly Virtue*,
FROM
CALLIMACHUS.

Inter Callimachi ſat erit placuiſſe Libellos,
Et ceciniſſe modis, pure Poeta, tuis. Propert.
Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.
Virg. Æn. V.

ONCE on a Time, a righteous Sage,
Griev'd at the Vices of the Age,
Apply'd to *Jove* with fervent Prayer;
"O *Jove*, if Virtue be ſo fair
"As it was deem'd in former Days
"By *Plato*, and by *Socrates*,
"(Whoſe Beauties mortal Eyes eſcape,
"Only for want of outward Shape)
"Make thou its real Excellence
"For once the Theme of human Senſe.
"So ſhall the Eye, by Form confin'd,
"Direct, and fix the wandring Mind,
"And long-deluded Mortals ſee,
"With Rapture, what they wont to flee.
JOVE grants the Prayer, gives Virtue Birth,
And bids him bleſs, and mend the Earth;
Behold him blooming, freſh, and fair,
Now made, —— ye Gods! —— a Son and Heir,
An Heir? and Stranger yet to hear,
An Heir and Orphan of a Peer;
But Prodigies are wrought to prove
Nothing impoſſible to *Jove*.
Virtue was of this Sex deſign'd,
In mild Reproof to Woman-kind;

In

In manly Form to let them ſee
The Lovelineſs of Modeſty,
The thouſand Decencies that ſhone
With leſſen'd Luſtre in their own;
Which few had learnt enough to prize,
And ſome thought modiſh to deſpiſe.
To make his Merit more diſcern'd,
He goes to School! he reads! is learn'd!
Rais'd high above his Birth by Knowledge,
He ſhines diſtinguiſh'd in a College;
Reſolv'd, nor honour, nor Eſtate,
Himſelf alone ſhou'd make him great.
Here, ſoon for every Art renown'd,
His influence is diffus'd around;
Th' inferiour Youth, to Learning led
Leſs to be fam'd, than to be fed,
Behold the Glory he has won,
And bluſh to be ſo far out-done:
And now, inflame'd with rival Rage,
In ſcientific Strife engage;
Engage, and in the glorious Strife,
The Arts new kindle into Life.
HERE would our Hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely, learned Cell,
Contented to be truly great,
In Virtue's beſt belov'd Retreat;
Contented he, but Fate ordains
He now ſhall ſhine in nobler Scenes:
(Rais'd high like ſome celeſtial Fire
To ſhine the more ſtill riſing higher)
Compleatly form'd in every Part,
To win the Soul, and glad the Heart;
The powerful Voice, the graceful Mien,
Lovely alike, or heard or ſeen;
His outward Form, and Inward, vie,
His Soul bright beaming from his Eye,
Ennobling every Act, and Air,
With Juſt, and Generous, and Sincere.
ACCOMPLISH'D thus, his next Reſort
Is to the Council, and the Court;

Wher

Where Virtue is in leaſt Repute,
nd intereſt the one Purſuit,
Where Right, and Wrong, are bought and ſold,
arter'd for Beauty, and for Gold;
et Manly Virtue even here
leas'd in the Perſon of a Peer;
Peer, a ſcarcely bearded Youth,
Who talk'd of Juſtice, and of Truth,
f Innocence, the ſureſt Guard,
ales here forgot are yet unheard;
hat he alone deſerv'd Eſteem,
Who was the Man, he wiſh'd to ſeem;
all'd it unmanly and unwiſe
o lurk behind a mean Diſguiſe;
Give fraudful Vice the Maſk and Screen,
is Virtue's Int'reſt to be ſeen:)
all'd want of Shame, a want of Senſe,
nd found in Bluſhes, Eloquence.
THUS, acting what he taught ſo well,
e drew dumb Merit from her Cell,
ed with amazing Art along
he baſhful Dame, and looſe'd her tongue;
nd whilſt he made her Value known,
et more diſplay'd, and rais'd his own.
THUS young, thus proof to all Temptations,
e riſes to the higheſt Stations;
or, where high Honour is the Prize,
rue Virtue has a Right to riſe.)
et courtly ſlaves low bend the Knee
o Wealth and Vice, in high Degree,
xalted Worth diſdains to owe
s Grandeur to its greateſt Foe.
NOW rais'd on high, ſee, Virtue ſhews
he Godlike Ends for which he roſe;
rom him let proud Ambition know,
he Height of Glory here below,
randeur, by Goodneſs made compleat!
o bleſs, is truly to be great!
e taught, how Men to Honours riſe,
ke gilded Vapours to the Skies,

Whe

which,

Which, howſoever they diſplay
Their Glory from the God of Day,
Their nobleſt Uſe is to abate
His dangerous Exceſs of Heat,
To ſhield the infant Fruits and Flowers,
And bleſs the Earth with genial Showers.

Now change the Scene; a nobler Care
Demands him in an higher Sphere;
Diſtreſs of Nations calls him hence,
Permitted ſo by Providence:
For Models, made to mend our Kind,
To no one Clime ſhou'd be confin'd;
And Manly Virtue, like the Sun,
His Courſe of glorious Toil ſhou'd run,
Alike diffuſing in his Flight
Congenial Joy, and Life, and Light.
Pale Envy ſickens—— Errour flies——
And Diſcord, in his Preſence, dies——
Oppreſſion hides, with guilty Dread,
And Merit rears her drooping Head;
The Arts revive, the Vallies ſing,
And Winter ſoftens into Spring:
The wondring World, where'er he moves,
With new Delight looks up and loves;
One Sex conſenting to admire,
Nor leſs the other to deſire;
Whilſt he, tho' ſeated on a Throne,
Confines his Faith to one alone;
The reſt condemn'd, with rival Voice,
Repining, to applaud his Choice.

FAME now reports, the weſtern Iſle
Is made his Manſion for a while;
Whoſe anxious Natives, Night and Day,
(Happy beneath his righteous Sway)
Weary the Gods with ceaſeleſs Prayer,
To bleſs him and to keep him there;
And claim it as a Debt from Fate,
Too lately found! to loſe him late!

FINIS.